

How Dancing Develops a Beautiful Figure



"The Hindoo calm is ineffable. Of things that trouble he thinks 'it does not matter. It is but for to-day.' He thinks not in hours, but lives."

THIS newspaper presents to-day the sixth of a series of articles by the most graceful woman in America. Miss Ruth St. Denis is the foremost dancer in the United States. Her fame, not limited to her own country, is world-wide.

Miss St. Denis has literally danced before kings having been received and admired in the courts of Europe. She is a mistress of the art of expression without words, pantomime, and is deeply learned in the grace and beauty law of the Orient. She advises her country women upon a subject in which every woman is interested, how to improve her figure, and tells them in clear, forceful manner and careful detail, how this can be done. She does not hesitate to point to the faults in the figure and carriage of her country women, but while she tells of the evil she also describes the remedy.

No. 6—What Oriental Dancing Has Taught Me

By Ruth St. Denis

IT is a painful operation to uproot a popular idea, painful to the person whose idea is uprooted and painful for the uprooter, yet the operation is often a duty, and as such I approach my task of making several true statements about the Japanese.

Fallacy First—That their clothes are loose and comfortable. They are no such thing. The kimono is an easeful garment, yes. But in Japan and among the Japanese in this country a kimono without an obi is like a wife without a husband, a day without a sun, or to go back to the Persian philosopher of pleasure, Omar Khayyam, the night without its "thousand eyes," the stars. The obi in its natural, unAmericanized state

is five yards long and heavily padded. Moreover, it is worn very tightly bound about the waist. I dislike and extremely disapprove the corset, but I must admit the obi is its equal in obstructing free motion, hence is destructive of grace.

Fallacy Second—That the movements of the Japanese women are graceful. What that statement proves is that if you hear anything often enough you will believe it in spite of the testimony of your eyes to the contrary. If you have seen "The Mikado" and "The Geisha," or if you have stopped for a cup of tea at one of the Japanese restaurants in New York or San Francisco you must have seen that the walk of the Japanese woman is not a walk



"The message from the Orient is absolute self-control. She keeps her powers locked in to be used only in emergency."

but a hobble. She is even more ungraceful than the American woman is when wearing her unslashed hobble skirt because, while American clothes cause a girl to ridiculously shorten her steps, they permit her to walk upright, while the weight and cramping bondage of the obi cause her to bend forward. A Japanese woman's walk embraces the unlovely stoop of extreme age.

Fallacy Third—That the Japanese know so well the art of utter relaxation that they are the most serene of peoples on the earth. They are serene, yes; but not from relaxation. Their serenity is the triumph of concentration. The tendency of diffuseness of thought is toward relaxation. The trend of concentration is toward contraction. Japanese muscles are practically always contracted. The

Japanese contract their energies and concentrate their minds on one purpose. This individual habit is the cause of their national victories.

Do not believe, then, that the brown skinned woman, smiling at you from behind the barricade of her fan, is as limp as a kitten and as good humored as that kitten when it is comfortable and has been well fed. She is fascinating you because she has contracted her muscles and is directing her energies to the task of that fascination. The message of the Japanese to us is not, as we have thought for generations, relaxation, not resistance. On the contrary, the message of the little nation, communicated by its alluring women as well as its silent, doughty men, is that of conversation of energy. "Contract and hold in

your energy. Let no atom of your vital force escape except in the emergencies of life," is what we are taught, albeit indirectly and perhaps unwillingly, by the folk of the Island Kingdom. The nervous, energy scattering women of America should reflect on and practice the advice.

It is the East Indians who teach us relaxation and infinite patience. The Indian can wait, and wait, and wait for what he wants. The East Indian thinks not in hours or days or weeks as our impatient people do, but in lives. He has inherited the traditions of centuries and he has vision of the laws of life working inexorably and changelessly, and he has the greatest serenity, which is strength. His serenely says of an event, however revolutionary it ap-

Sixth of an Instructive Series of Articles by the Well-Known Dancer Ruth St. Denis



"The beauty of calm that cannot be broken and of absolute self-control is the Oriental ideal."

Study, on the other hand, the posture of a geisha smiling at a visitor. Her shoulders are drawn back, perhaps, her face up turned, in the similitude of trust, her fan fluttering its perturbed coquetties, but her muscles are taut as the rope that holds a straining ocean liner at anchor.

A message, an artistic one from the Orient, every part of it, is that the dances we have borrowed from that old land whose background is of dim uncounted centuries, is that every posture in such dance means something. The Japanese, for instance, know that the straight line represents antagonism. When I represent a warrior ready for battle every line of my body is a straight one. Even my sword, held erect is a rectilinear challenge. In active battle it is the same. The straight line represents directness, impatience, fury, deathful impulse.

Curves suggest leisure, repose, the gracious attributes, and India gives us most of these.

A well-known American woman keeps a statue of Buddha always in the alcove of her bedroom. There are many Buddhas, the starving Buddha, the smiling Buddha, Buddhas in most moods of humanity, sharing the sufferings of humanity, yet in all of them there is peace. There is profound acceptance of those conditions which cannot be changed. This woman who keeps the Buddha in a recess of her bedroom and was once so exceedingly nervous that her enemies said she was "flighty," has acquired a quietude of manner and a gentleness of speech that are marvelous. She has absorbed the peace of the East through casting her eyes upon the statue of Buddha whenever she was hurried or flurried.

Women can learn much of patience, of locking in their energies for use in an emergency, from a study of the philosophies of the East. They can learn to stand and sit still. They can repress that nervousness that causes them to fidget. They can compose themselves in a crisis in their lives. They can, in a word, become reasonable, and once you have trained yourself to reasonableness the habit solves the problems of your life. Reasonableness is a long step that draws you near to happiness.

pears to be in his life or in ours, "That will pass. It is but for to-day." So is his patience boundless and strengthmaking.

The Indian dances are object lessons in this strength making patience. They teach us the power of relaxation. The dancers imitate the posture of Buddhas, sitting with legs crossed, muscles loosened, faces contemplative, attitude the apotheosis of peace. Though an Indian dance begins with the subtleties and hazards of sex it is liable to culminate in the posture of power through repose.

The Folly of My Sex

NINETY women gathered in the garden of the old Schwab estate adjoining the Hall of Fame the other afternoon to receive the course by Henry Grissom Parsons, director of Department School Gardens, New York University.

Of the ninety women only two were prepared to do practical gardening, as there were only two women who had brought their aprons. The women wore tight skirts, high-heeled shoes and white kid gloves, and when given seeds found they could not kneel down or bend low to plant them, as their skirts were too narrow. When they tried to bend as low as their skirts and corsets permitted they could not obtain sound footing with their high-heeled shoes.

They took out their kid gloves, disclosing hands that were burdened with rings, and were as helpless before the simple little task before them as if they had been so many babies.

They had not dressed suitably for the occasion. Do any of my sex these mad days make any pretense of dressing to suit the occasion?

A Chicago alderman has introduced an ordinance to regulate the dresses worn by women on the streets, solely on moral grounds. The costliness of the attire, its unfitness so far as service and endurance are concerned, he waives. He considers only the moral aspect of the dresses, garments so vulgar in conception and suggestion as to cause some explanation for the calling of a vice commission.

The girl on her way to her work behind a counter, or bending over a type-writer, wears a garment as near a duplicate as her purse will permit of the garment worn by some woman of wealth and fashion who rides in

her automobile to a pink tea. The business woman's dress is as low in the neck, her heels are as high, her pumps as low, her stockings as thin. There is no element of vulgarity which the woman of wealth introduces in her attire that is not aped by her sister with the flatter purse.

The blame lies not with the girl on her way to work, but with the woman of wealth and leisure. The eighty-eight women who gathered to learn gardening in maidens' clothes were women of wealth and high social standing, women who are supposedly intelligent, yet they were as silly, and with less excuse, as the working girl who wears a dress on the street that should not be worn outside one's home, and then when women only are present.

The "female form divine" is not so divine as the silly women think. Few arms are just plump and shapely enough to look well bared from the hand to the elbow. Not an artist in five hundred would cause a neck in search of a model to take a second look. Feet and ankles above the display many women make of vulgarity than of beauty.

The woman who dresses modestly is credited with charms she may or may not possess, but the woman who dresses immodestly proves by the exhibits made that she does not possess them.

"That is immodest" restrains no one in these days of fashionable indecency. "Your neck is scrawny." "You have an ugly arm." "Your flat-footed and your ankles are thick!" may serve as more effective weapons in the war that must be waged against the foolish of my sex. An appeal to decency and modesty having failed, the same results may be obtained by appealing to vanity.

Was the Golden Land of Ophir in Frozen Alaska?

ISAAC N. VAIL, the geologist of Pasadena, Cal., in a new pamphlet, seeks to prove that "King Solomon's Land of Ophir" in the Bible was really in Alaska. Mr. Vail has attracted widespread attention by his many scientific explanations of puzzling biblical statements.

Surprise has often been expressed at the enormous quantities of gold and silver obtained from Ophir by the Hebrew kings. David alone obtained from it one hundred thousand talents of gold and a thousand thousand of silver.

Mr. Vail recently expounded his theory that the earth formerly possessed a ring forged of water vapor similar to that possessed by Saturn now. This ring, spreading over a large part of the earth, produced a tropical climate in the polar regions, hence the recent existence of mammoths and other animals requiring a hot climate in Siberia and Alaska. The fall of the water canopy caused the glacial period in the northern and southern hemispheres.

"I cannot see how a world can become tropical even up to the poles," says Mr. Vail, "without the aid of a great telluric vapor shell acting as a greenhouse world-roof. Such vapor roofs must fall and end tropic scenes, and, as we see, tropic conditions ended repeatedly as the ages have gone

by. I take but a small additional step when I insist that a canopy, another, and perhaps the last the earth ever saw, produced the Edenic and Antediluvian age, and, falling, closed it with the great deluge, and later by a vast increase of polar snows. I think we have the strongest proof that long after the flood, even down to the birth of Christ, a stupendous mass of world vapors—canopy snow-clouds—hung over the northworld. They are alluded to in the legendary thought of every people, and far down in time when a German epic, the 'Nibelungenlied,' was penned, the memory of that north-world cloud gave that its name, the 'Cloud Drama,' or the 'Song of the Cloud.' About this time also the work of Snorri Sturleson, called the 'Heimskringla,' the Ring's Home, or 'Circle's Home,' was penned in Iceland or Scandinavia and abounds in canopy memories."

Mr. Vail argues that the water belt fell in polar regions and thereby produced a great accumulation of ice and snow. With the water fell large quantities of gold, which is always found in polar regions. Hence the Land of Ophir must have been in such a region. Here is the learned geologist's argument on this point:

"Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow, or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail, which I have reserved against the time of

trouble, against the day of battle and war? There can be no fuller or stronger testimony than this from the 38th chapter of Job. The man who originally penned this passage was familiar with the fact that snow and ice contained treasure. When and how did he get that information? There are no two ways about it. Man, four thousand years ago or more, somehow, came to know that gold was a hidden treasure in the snow and hail (ice) that had fallen from the skies. He got that information by gathering it from ancient snow-banks and glaciers, either at first hand in the days of Job, or the information had come down to that day from men who went to the frozen north. It matters not which way the penman got it—it is enough to know he got it.

"Now, if the sacred penman of that day knew that there were treasures in the snow and ice of the northworld, King Solomon, the wisest of men, knew it, too, and when he made a navy of ships at Egion-geber, on the Red Sea, he planned it to go to the snow-land, where he knew there was gold. It must ever be a prominent fact that Solomon did not build his navy to go to an unknown gold field. Fleets are not organized for that purpose, and Solomon was no exception, and I see no possible escape from the conclusion that in the days of Kings

David and Solomon there was a land known to all the nations as a gold-yielding region—a region so amazingly rich that fleets were built and sent to gather the treasure, not to 'prosper' for it.

"Those of my readers who have not followed the trend of annular thought from its beginning will ask how gold became a constituent of snow and hail. I have to remind them that so surely as the earth was once in a molten condition, the great mass of the gold now in and on the earth's crust was vaporized and sent as igneous mist to the skies, along with heated aqueous vapors, just as our mint furnaces send them aloft to-day. Gold is one of the most readily vaporized metals when associated with superheated aqueous vapors or steam. These vapors went to the telluric heavens together and formed the outskirts of a vast primitive atmosphere. There they came under the control of tangential force, which caused them to remain on high till the earth grew cold and solid. There they became a part of the earth's ring system. From that system they declined during the geologic ages, first becoming a succession of canopies, like the great cloud shells of the planets Jupiter and Saturn.

"These canopies lingered in the heavens above the earth till recent geologic times, and from the very nature of things fell in the polar

regions. As the stinging waters carried the gold vapors to the skies, and as centrifugal force held them there till canopies formed from vapors condensed, vast quantities of gold must have existed in the snow of every canopy. When the snows fell, causing the glacial epochs, the gold fell with them. It must be conceded that gold and hot vapors went up together and came back together. Those vapors grew cold and precipitated their metals while under the control of tangential energy in the heavens. If we can imagine the brilliant clouds now revolving around the planet Jupiter to be snows, vapors, cold and condensed, once driven to the Jovian skies by the fires of that molten orb, and laden with precipitated metals, as gold, silver, etc., and reflect that these must fall at Jupiter's poles, we can easily see how the snows of that planet are gold laden."

Caught.

"John! John!" cried Mrs. Dubbleigh, shaking her husband by the shoulder. "Wake up; there's a man in the house!"

"Nonsense, Susan!" retorted Dubbleigh, shivering with apprehension and hiding his head under the pillow. "Nothing of the sort."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Dubbleigh. "I guess you are right. I was re- terring to you!"